

# The War Cry

AN OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY, CANADA.

VOL. V. No. 251.

TORONTO, CANADA, AUGUST 17TH, 1889.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## The "War Cry" in the Saloon.

WHAT A SCRAP OF IT DID; WHAT WITH YOUR HELP THE "CRY" WOULD DO.

By what means it had got there, so many miles away from an Army corps, is not known to us, and, fortunately, does not alter the fact that there it was—a crumpled, soiled, torn scrap of "War Cry."

The butcher's boy may have been the innocent means of conveying it to the village saloon, in the basket which contained the landlord's Sunday meat, the butcher having probably bought somebody's old stock of newspapers at the usual so much per pound. This is mere conjecture, and may be very wide, indeed, of the mark.

But there it was. We had almost said, "all alive and kicking." That it was "alive" we shall speedily demonstrate, and leave our readers to settle for themselves whether "kicking" is the proper definition for its action. It had escaped the brush of the barmaid or potman, and there in a corner was "munching of all it sorrowed," and there it was likely to remain until in some extra enthusiastic cleaning mood the sweep's brush should haul it from its corner and deposit it in that

BOX OF COAL KENDS, TOBACCO STEMS,

stew, used corks and other miscellaneous oddments to be found on a bar-room floor—the saloon-keeper's dustbin.

The old smokers of the night before had turned up for their usual morning liver, had read and discussed the previous day's sporting news, descending on their ill-luck in taking the advice of Jim Knowall, and in spite of their fancying the winner backing a stiff 'un, but asserting that they "knew a good thing" for to-day and moment having a "bit o'—"

was awarded its share of comment, too, as were also the coming cattle show, the hunting prospects, and other matters of local interest, but that scrap of Army literature was left severely alone.

Breakfast time carries off most of the men. Spending hard cash doesn't pay the ones who have it, and the majority, those who have it, don't care to mortgage dollar

bills yet to be earned—so most of the early morning company separate and go off to their daily labor.

Another customer now turns up—a woman. She doesn't want to give her order, she simply nods her head for the usual morning dose. She's a regular, and turns up pretty punctually every day, after she has got her man packed off to work and polished off her own bit of breakfast,

disappears behind the thick clouds of tobacco smoke which she emits.

The clouds having rolled away she complacently squats herself in the very corner where the long-suffering friend, the "War Cry," scrap, is hidden.

SOMEHOW THAT BIT OF "CRY" WAS NEXT ON HER MIND.

and ere long the woman's foot, her dress

A report from a town fourteen miles distant particularly takes her attention. There has been a big revival—some scores of blackguards of every description have been saved from committing amongst other things the very sin which so lightly bound her own soul. Long had she desired deliverance, but the weaving of the meshes of the net in which she found herself had been so silently and effectually performed that she had long ago ceased her strivings for deliverance.

SHE KEENLY LONGED, THAT WAS ALL,

and seeing no way of escape, went with the worldlings' stream, getting worse and worse all the way till we find her drifting fast along the rapids to a drunkard's grave.

Reasoning followed reading, and she argued with herself that if this scrap of paper told the truth, and this something called salvation had done for these lost ones such wonderful things, what was there to prevent it performing wonders for her, providing she put herself in the way of it?

The cause of this reasoning was carefully folded and pocketed, and, when she got home, was carefully read and re-read, her desire to know more particulars all the time becoming more intense.

"She would go and see for herself, that she would!" So, accordingly next Sunday morning she sets off to do a fourteen-mile tramp, to get an introduction to the people amongst whom such remarkable things were taking place.

It was a long drag, but her curiosity was aroused and deliverance thoroughly longed for, so she trudged along, arriving at the Army barracks just as the doorkeeper was shutting up after the afternoon meeting.

"The next meeting is at half-past ten, sister, and you'd better be in time," said the doorkeeper.

"GO AND HAVE A DRINK TO fill up the time," said the old enemy, "you are very tired and it will freshen you."

"No," was the firm reply, "not another drop until I've seen the 'ere people.'"

Amongst the first to gain admittance to the evening meeting, she sought a seat near the front. Possessors of happy faces speedily filled the platform, greeting each other cheerily with "How are you to-day, Jack?" "Better than the saloon this, Jim!" "Ain't I'm glad I've saved!"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR.)



"GOD BLESS YOU! BUY A 'WAR CRY!'"

The landlord supplies the needed, at which the woman takes a good stiff pull. A fumble in her pocket results in the production of a well-seasoned clay pipe, which she deliberately proceeds to charge, which piece of familiar ingenuity being accomplished to her satisfaction, she procures a match and forthwith lights the aforesaid pipe, and for a few moments

skirt, or some other simple means, drew the scrap from its hiding-place. Flinging it up and straightening out the creases she proceeds a perusal of the contents. The tobacco smoke soon ceases its curling, and the pipe disappears into the pocket of its owner, who gets more and more absorbed in that mysterious scrap.

## THE WAR CRY.

## A GREAT SUCCESS

One brother roid an awful tale of sin and wretchedness, saying that he used to drink two quarts of whiskey every day. He had seen his dear wife fall down a lifeless corpse after the blood had gushed in streams from her mouth. He had often stolen salt fish and cooked it for dinner, eating it without any bread, but since he got saved he lacks no good thing.

When the hallelujah baker came to the penitent-form, he came in a borrowed coat. Although he had only been idle about these days in ten years, yet sometimes he

Holy Ann, seeing as young as ever, said from the rest of her God-inspired words: "I am alive yet, He is a living Saviour in my heart. The devil has had no power over me for forty years. Don't hold your head down like a bulrush. My life, my walk, my conversation, all speaks of Jesus. No minister ordained me, but Jesus Himself. Jesus will save us no dirty instruments. I've got a big heaven all the way to heaven."

The women preachers were represented in this meeting. Brigade-Captain Goodall put the truth very plainly to the great crowd who had gathered there, urging upon the young men and women to give their lives and talents to God.

Then Mrs. Calvert, a well-saved Methodist, spoke with power. Being well educated, it was a consequence, very free and less everybody know it. We cannot for want of space give all she said, but here is a little:

I understand a big, big Divisional Fistic is an arrangement. It will be a boom. have no doubt Walpole Island is the place now in view.

Well, it is nice to be well served and be-  
ing every hour for God and letting every  
pulse-beat and throw of the heart be to  
God's glory. The above is my experience.

Russ.

with his umbrella. The police took him to the Mansion House, where he was interviewed and sent to Stone Asylum. He stated in court that he was Jesus Christ. The glass was insured and was worth, with the enamelled designs, \$200.

Mrs. Booth's condition has varied a good deal during the past few days, and it is very difficult to say whether there is an improvement or otherwise; this is all the more so because there has been an increase in suffering spread over two or three days, and in many ways to intervals of comparatively

L. : "They are not!"  
L. : "Yes, they are"  
L. (in despair): "You don't live  
dear to them!"  
L. : "I only wish I did. I should  
like to run into the barracks oftener  
where she shook hands with the lady  
dancer near her and marched off with  
Indiano and his wife, whom she knew.  
Old lady was left staring after them, in  
astonishment."

just a few to name already long list of undertakings which have proved us.

don't think she ever wanted for anything for bad as I was, I was good to her. I came home with fifty dollars in my car she would get it all. If I only had dollar I would give her that. I always give her all I had."

Did you ever go to church at all after commenced such a life?"

"Oh, yes, for I thought if I went to church once anyway on Sunday that I was

laid hold on me; although not then, I was so miserable that tonight after I gave myself into the hands of God.

Looking back over the past this afternoon I cannot but thank God from the depths of my soul for the way He has led me.

I mean by the grace of God to save me from those in sin. Especially I thank you for dear girls who are in sin, and I pray that God will be to be a real soul-winner.

## WEST END NOTES

and soldiers of his divided world  
to bless him and also his father.

• • •

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• • •

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every hour for God and letting every  
be-bat and throw of the heart be  
it's glory. The above is my experience.

Russ.

### CATCHING A TARTAN

where she shook hands with the lady in  
classics near her and marched off with  
her maid and his wife, whom she knew.  
The old lady was left staring after them, in  
astonishment at catching a tartar.

## Happy Min's Experience

help me to be a real soul-winner.













100







# THE GREAT FAREWELL TOUR

## OF

### COMMISSIONER COOMBS IN THE EASTERN PROVINCES.

The COMMISSIONER will lead Great Meetings at

ST. JOHN,  
YARMOUTH,  
HALIFAX,  
NEW GLASGOW,  
CHARLOTTETOWN,  
SUMMERSIDE,

Wednesday, Thursday, August 21, 22  
Friday, " 23  
Saturday, Sunday, " 24, 25  
Monday, " 26  
Tuesday, " 27  
Wednesday, " 28

MONCTON,  
MAJOR DEAKIN and most of the EASTERN STAFF will be at the above places.  
MONTREAL,  
KINGSTON,  
CHATHAM,  
LONDON,

Thursday, August 29  
Friday, " 30  
Saturday, Sunday, September 1, 2  
Monday, " 3  
Tuesday, " 4  
Wednesday, " 5  
Thursday, " 6  
Friday, " 7  
Saturday, Sunday, " 8, 9

There will be Cheap Railway Fares from nearly all the Stations in the Montreal, Kingston, Chatham, and London Divisions.



## OUR GREAT ARMY EXHIBITION!



The Salvation Army of the Dominion of Canada

WILL CELEBRATE ITS

# SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY

—AND—

## Farewell of COMMISSIONER COOMBS.

Gigantic Meetings will be held in various Divisional Centres, and in Toronto during the  
**GREAT EXHIBITION WEEK**

ON THE FOLLOWING DATES:

Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, September 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th, 1899.

The whole Staff of the Dominion will be Present. Representatives from all Parts of Canada. About 500 Officers are expected.  
Farewell Meetings. Meetings of all Kinds. The Grandest Salvation Demonstrations ever held in Toronto. Cheap Railway  
Fares from all Parts of the Dominion. Tremendous Attractions. Special Brass Bands. Welcome Meetings. A  
Hallelujah Wedding. All-Night of Prayer. Officers' Councils, Staff-Councils.

This will be the VERY LAST CHANCE of seeing the COMMISSIONER before he Farewells.

## THE CANADIAN HOUSEHOLD TROOPS' BAND,

In Charge of STAFF-CAPT. McHARDY,

WILL VISIT THE FOLLOWING PLACES ON THEIR FIRST TOUR:

ST. CATHARINES,  
HAMILTON I.  
DUNDAS,  
BRANTFORD,  
SIMCOE,  
TILSONBURG,  
ST. THOMAS,  
WOODSTOCK,

Saturday, Sunday, August 17, 18  
Monday, " 19  
Tuesday, " 20  
Wednesday, " 21  
Thursday, " 22  
Friday, " 23  
Saturday, Sunday, " 24, 25  
Monday, " 26

INGERSOLL,  
PARIS,  
AYR,  
GALT,  
GUELPH,  
ROCKWOOD,  
ACTON,  
GEORGETOWN,

Tuesday, August 27  
Wednesday, " 28  
Thursday, " 29  
Friday, " 30  
Saturday, Sunday, Aug. 31, Sept. 1  
Monday, " 2  
Tuesday, " 3  
Wednesday, " 4

BRAMPTON, Thursday, September 5th.